

97A

SKATIN' ACROSS AMERICA 1999 SUMMER TOUR DIARY

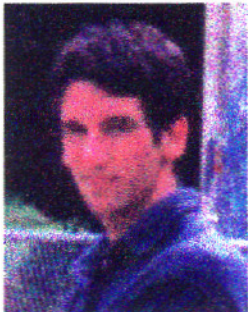
PLAYING ALL THE HIT
MUSIC AT A CITY NEAR YOU!

SONOS

THE EPIC TALE OF 5 NORMAL GUYS
IN A HUGE GREEN VAN, TREKKING
9000 MILES

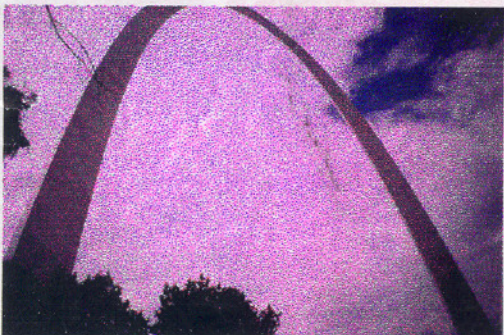
ACROSS THE INTERSTATE HIGHWAYS
AND THE EXPERIENCES
THEY'VE ENCOUNTERED ALONG THE WAY

STARRING!
CHRIS KELLY
TODD ALBERTSON
CLINT MORRIS
DEREK MOORE
KRIS REICHE



1999 97a Tour Diary
Written by Derik Moore
Designed by Todd Albertson
All photographs by 97a except
where noted with a (credit)
Additional text entries from 97a
Dedicated to the memory of
Jordan Johnson
Check us out on our website
<http://members.aol.com/njhc97a>

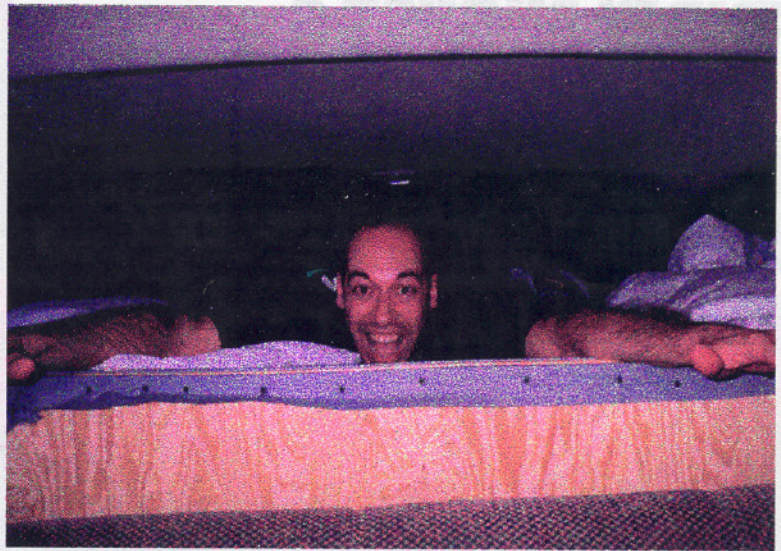
START: MONDAY-THURSDAY AUGUST 2-5 DRIVING FROM NEW JERSEY TO COLORADO



8/2 Clifton, NJ: The Teamwork/97a van pulled up a couple hours late to my parents' house, and Chris (sweaty and already aggravated) asks if I could lighten my load. After assuring him that the cooler was for everyone and agreeing to leave behind the stack of SLAVE zines and records I was planning on selling for cash, we were set to jet. Clint and I played BlackJack as Kris + Chris (K/Chris) yelled at this guy w/a license plate that read "COTNUOE" - the title of an elem. school era song that I've never heard but soon learned as Chris sang it for a half hour. Shit was mellow so far, but we had only crossed into Ohio, the consensus among the 3 drivers, was that our 1999 Forest Green Dodge Ram 3500 Maxi-Wagon "sucks dick". Though I hadn't manned the green giant, the emotive testimony of everyone (along w/much floating and swerving-even w/seasoned van driver Kris at the uncontrollable helm) had me convinced. Our goal was to make it to Dayton, crash in the van, and hit Kansas City by the next night. K/Chris' quest for obscure franchises led us to the local Waffle House-apparently not so obscure outside of the Northeast. Both K/Chris' finished off "smothered and covered" hash browns, fried up by a pimply kid (reminiscent of the pubescent, fast-food worker on the Simpsons) w/Hibachi skills-flippin taters over his back! Minutes later, we were unconscious in the Waffle House parking lot.

Chris: Okay, so this might have been the first day of the tour, but for me it was like the last day of literally six months of headaches planning this shindig. When the planning started I was psyched, when it finally came around, I was just glad to finally be going. We picked up the van a couple of days earlier where Kris, Clint, my friend Geoff, and I pulled the seats (against the rental guy's requests) and built the most kick ass loft. We were ready for the long drive. Pick up the guys one by one and everyone is thankfully ready to go. Get to Derik's and he has at least seven pieces of carry on luggage. Tell him to lighten the load, thankfully he does to some degree, but still couldn't get him to leave without bringing a backpack full of cassettes/cds. At least we were on our way...Did I mention the van's handling was nothing short of scary?

8/3/99: At 7am, a hyper Chris Kelly woke us up. I treated myself to my (seventh, I believe) pb & j sandwich of the past day and a half. Complaints of the van's steering issues were more audible. Something had to be done, aside from the stern letter to Chrysler, that Chris committed to authoring. At around 8:30, we rolled into a Bob Evans. I had an overpriced fruit bowl with hash browns. The others powered down more traditional mid-western breakfasts. Everyone in the BE's had strong accents and our waitress was way too jovial for the hour. (Man, that always pisses me off.) Oh, and the teenage hostess was openly picking her nose while seating patrons. All of us but Clint made some calls from a dialer-friendly pay phone. (Chris and I love our mommies.) Chris: We needed to do some-



thing about this van. Anything over 45 mph and it handled like smacked ass (Thanks for that term, Kris!) and was basically unsafe at any speed, no pun intended. We thought it might be the tires, so we pumped them up to 60, 80, then...Wait, that's not working very well either? With some decent tire pressure the van is driving slightly better, but still a scary ride at the legal limit. We've got 9000 miles to cover and we can't be driving at the legal limit! Back to Derik: Next stop is Kris' dad's house in Kansas City. We rolled in @ midnight. Mr Reiche and Kris' stepmom were nice as hell, and hooked me up w/a salad, while the guys handled the pot roast that was waiting for them. In the a.m. they kicked us a ton of fruit and a couple of those blue ice block things for the cooler. Chris looked for a wide enough deck @ Bike America, so he'd be set up for a skatepark in Hays, Kansas, and future skateparks we'd hit along the way w/help from a Transworld supplement. K.C. was all about new developments, strip malls and corporate headquarters. (The new Sprint complex was under construction and will probably have it's own zip code.)

8/4: I was jonesin' to practice w/Todd and play shows at this point. Not that it hasn't been gorgeous, but we were all a little tired of the same scenery after 20+ hours. I had seen a few farms where the cows had a ton of open area to graze and chill, which was cool. We got to Boulder, Colorado real late and woke Todd up at his posh apartment complex, which reminded Chris and Clint of Ponch's pad in CHIPS. Chris and I got into a political discussion/debate until everyone else shut us up and we crashed.

8/5: The only notable event today was Chris riding the motorized cart at a Target in Boulder. We toolled around until an employee came out to revoke our privileges. Fuck, we had to do something to get our minds off of the annoyingly high hippie/yuppie (hard to tell the difference here) presence. We practiced with Todd at his friends Mike and Collins house (who also put on the show) until Clint's bass amp started to burn and the light fixture in the kids living room fell and shattered. We all chilled that night at a Gumby's Pizza and imitated kids we know back in Jersey who dance like fools.

DRIVING: CHRIS AND DERIK AT THE ST. LOUIS ARCH, THE ARCH, SOMEWHERE IN KANSAS, CHRIS SKATING IN HAYES KANSAS, CHRIS CHILIN IN THE SUPER COME LOFT, KRIS AT THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI, CHRIS AND CLINT DORKING AROUND IN BOULDER, CLINT DOING SOME SERIOUS "SHIRTLESS" DRIVING.

FRIDAY AUGUST 6 THE BUG THEATER DENVER

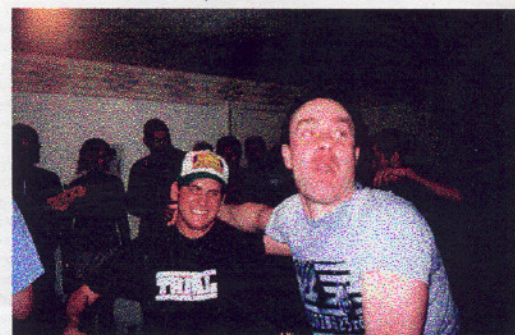


8/6 "Everyone visit the merch table and wish Kris a \$Happy Birthday\$: We all woke up early and swam in the pool in Todd's complex. The biggest agenda item, aside from our 1st show, was Clint and Chris' determination to find and tour the Coors Brewery in Golden, CO. I agreed to join up when we constructed a plan to give our 3, respective, complementary brewery tour beers to Clint and watch his ass go. Golden was kinda tough to get to, but once in, we soon came upon the glorious brewery. The night before, I listed the Operation Rescue-supported/Christian Right-guided Coors company among corporations that I wouldn't mind going under, but the sight of this mammoth structure and the sea of cowboy hats and femullets had me stoked for the tour (and the impending intoxication of Clint). The tour itself was whack, but when we hit the bar and started feeding Clinton the Silver Bullet, we were all yuckin it up. We made it back to Todd's just in time to run to the show, which we were all a little nervous about given our 1 practice. The turnout wasn't that great at The Bug Theater (which was an actual theater w/seats 4-5 feet from the 4 foot stage) but despite my putting a stick through the snare head in our opening song, we kicked it pretty strong for the 1st time out. "Pssst, crazy girl story #1..." Some random, highly polluted, woman approached Chris, asking him if he was from (of all places?) Wayne, New Jersey, upon seeing his Mouthpiece shirt. He lied, no intention to divulge any geographic info. to this specimen. Clint and I later saw her wandering around barefoot down a broken glass strewn alley. Chris' entry again: Okay, I don't like Colorado... It's all hippies and earth people with way too much money (ie Sport Utes and \$2000 mountain bikes) but I guess I'll have to deal. Went to the Coors brewery, watched Clint pound a few down, and met a crazy girl who started asking me some really weird questions, as if she knew me in a previous life or something...Can't wait to leave."



8/7 "Ohhhh, Maverick...": Clint: (2:45pm, Grand Junction, CO). "Woah, Dude, where are the brakes?...I'm sorry, man, but where's the fuckin' brakes?!!". Had the dust cloud been just a little more dense, I might not have been able to see that it was Derik who was yelling the quote above. I did see him ride/crash the crazy, unbeshirted, desert sod's bike, though the desert dork neglected to inform yonder Derik that the bike was brakeless. "It's just a screw around bike, man" he said (after the fact.) What Derik had managed to do was ride the bike into an angled dirt wall 3 feet from where Todd was standing. Meanwhile, the others skated around the park or viewed the bicycular chaos. I think we can all take a lesson: Not just to test the brakes/safety equipment of whatever vehicle it is we use, but to not trust Gen X/Y X-games-playing desert youth with providing the latest and most up to the minute info regarding the bicycle he/she has just handed you. Derik: 12 hrs/650 miles through the Colorado mt's and semi-arid Utah desert, we pulled into the apt. complex where the show was to be held (in a girl's bedroom). We showed up as Faded Grey was finishing up. I peeked my head in the room and was amped to see about 40 kids goin apeshit in the little room, which was probably an unventilated 105 degrees. We played a lot tighter than the 1st show and got a good reception. (A little too good, considering that some Vegas kid put a hole in the wall with his ass. Actually, I think there were a few points of ass-induced drywall damage.) Gavin, who hooked the show up, had driven his truck off a cliff earlier that afternoon and was still visibly shaken at the show. A friend of his (who was in the cab when the pick-up bailed) was also there, sporting a cast and a pretty fucked up face. I forgot my favorite shirt in the basement, and Chris fucked up his leg good when some kid landed on it.

SATURDAY AUGUST 7 BASEMENT SHOW ST. GEORGE UTAH



DENVER: DOING THE TOUR AT THE COORS BREWERY, EN ROUTE TO OUR FIRST SHOW (MATT D); A SPARSE BUT ENTHUSIASTIC DENVER CROWD, CHRIS AND TODD IN MID MAYHEM. **UTAH:** 97A HANGING AT THE GRAND CANYON, LANCE FADED GREY AND THE UTAH CROWD, AT THE GRAND JUNCTION SKATEPARK (DUMB DESERT KID). **VEGAS:** CHRIS, KRIS, CLINT AND TODD JONES ON THE DESPERADO ROLLER COASTER, THE VEGAS CROWD WITH INTOXICATED FANS IN FRONT, KISSED BY A WHORE (COP?), PLACEMAT OF THE LEGENDARY DEL TACO

SUNDAY AUGUST 8 SOUND BARRIER RECORDS LAS VEGAS

VEGAS

8/8 "Does anyone have any Baby Oil?": Vegas, baby, Vegas! 5pm had us surrounded by billboards for strip clubs, lunch buffets, and Sigfield & Roy-sure signs of the glitz, glamour, and tire-some campiness that was to come. Unfamiliar to us east coast assholes were fast food chains (Del Taco, Fatburger, Sonic, In & Out) which had the K/Chris' excited and me groaning. We explored Westward Ho, Caesars' Palace and Stardust looking for heavily advertised, yet ever elusive, (non-existent) \$3-\$5 lunch buffets. Chris and I got into an argument about littering just before we settled on Del Taco, which, like Taco John's, kicked Taco Bell's ass back to the East Coast. The show was at Sound Barrier records w/Faded Gray and The Missing 23rd, both of whom were rad as hell and cool guys. By far the wildest event

of the evening was the infamous Clinton Morris-dual-hooker-attack, starring our hero and 2 micro-skirted, overly-coquettish [suspected] prostitutes. (Supporting roles were played by Todd and I). Both women approached Clint, Todd and I complaining of the overabundance of rude guys at the show with vile propositions for them. We sympathized, though already collectively bugged out by their presence. Lemme just say that I normally wouldn't jump to conclusions/classifications based on mere level of skin exposure—(I'm not condemning the lifestyle choice of sex workers) but, whew, you just had to be there, kids. I was in and out of the store, but every time I stopped back by the van, Clint and the (fill in the blank and pluralize) were tossing around sexual innuendos like crazy, while Todd shook his head in resignation to the antics in progress, keeping an untrusting eye on the band's gear. At one point, I walked over just as one of them was asking if anyone had any baby oil or vaseline. I didn't even want to know. We were all getting a bit worried about the level of restraint possessed by our horn-dog friend Clint, who, by now was suggesting that she "do something naked" for our tour diary. In the end, we went in to thrash and the tricks jetted—but not w/o leaving Clint w/a little Vegas sugar (see pic). The show was rad despite tanked crusties and our substandard payment. Clint said that this girl was eyeing me, so we teamed up and pulled a SWINGERS-style "Is she lookin at me now? How bout now?" He caught her peepin' so I made a point to say hi as I walked by loading up the drums. I was like, whatever, so I asked her if she know how late the roller coaster was open. We hit it off well, until later, @ the In n' Out Burger, this other girl



pointed out that she and all her friends were Mormons and that her fiancée was on his "mission" right now. DOH! All of us went bowling, except the rest of the 9 to the 7 to the A, who hit the Roulette and Blackjack tables. I had a blast and Todd came out \$50 richer, so what the fuck, ya know? We got back to Lance Faded Grey's place at about 6am. I cooked a big meal for myself, got an hour of sleep and left w/the boys (and Todd Jones—a Cali kid who took a 10 hour train ride to Vegas to see us, and moshed so hard he puked) at 9:30am.

Todd: I've been saving up some extra cash just to hit Vegas hard. Last excursion at Vegas a few years ago put me \$400 in the hole—I had some work to do to make amends. Not a city I would want to stay in for long but a few hit and run days/nights on separate occasions and I'll call it good. Despite being a nearly \$200 up at one point, in the end, I managed some positive stash after the dealers starting taking their share back. The show had a fair turnout and there were some people genuinely into us who had to put up with some drunken dirt that ruled the floor. Todd Jones rose to the occasion though, setting it off and getting us psyched for the Cali. shows.

Chris: Okay, so Derik doesn't think it's a big deal to pick something off the ground read it, and then hurl it back where he found it. Put litter in it's place, especially if you picked it up in the first place, but whatever. Here we are in the city of gambling and other illicit activities. Am I having a good time? No, not really. I mean, sure the kids we met were pretty cool, and I'm seeing a lot of new things, but Vegas isn't in my list of top ten cities to revisit in the future, sorry Vegas.



THE LEGEND OF DEL TACO

1831 In good people of Pueblo he built a small town who stole the people's farmland, making their fresh, natural food. Without their pump, who helped to make, or leg lettuce and hard-frozen refried beans, the people were forced to live on stale, soggy processed food. One man rose up to save the people from this oppression. His name would forever stand for fresh, made-to-order Mexican food. He was known only as **DEL TACO HIS MISSION...**

BRINGING BETTER MEXICAN FOOD TO THE PEOPLE

Overall, it was a rad 2nd gig. After refueling at Maverick Gas & Deli (cheapest gas in Utah at \$1.32 a gallon) we stayed at this kid Anthony's house and kicked it real strong. While the others watched a Birdhouse video, Todd and I accepted Tony's offer to swim in the heated pool & Jacuzzi at the end of the block. We came back to pb & j's, juice and cookies. From there, our dirty asses were Canyon bound. With help from Todd's all-access, Nat'l park pass, we rode in-Brady Bunch style. We were all pretty impressed, but probably spent more time feeling old around the minions of incredibly attractive college (+ younger) girls—most of whom were accompanied by jock nubs.

Chris' take on things once again: It was pretty hot driving through Utah in the middle of August. Hot enough to roll up the power windows and use the A/C no matter how much gas is costing us. Damn, I just realized something?! The van handles okay now, what the fuck? From then on, we drive with the windows up on the highways, and instantly I am trying to see if the van could do 100 mph (it did!) Played a good show in UT, despite fucking my leg up pretty damn well. Wore a brace on it for the next two weeks.

Back to Derik: "Return of the buttocks" (As is bound to happen on long van-confined odesseys, little anecdotes and in-jokes became insanely hilarious). Such has been the case with shit like Kris' misreading of a sign for a town called Gilchrist, back in Ohio—mistaking it for "Oilchrist". This overplayed term found it's way into most-overused-exclamation status, along with imitations of a friend who always accents words on the wrong syllable, adaptations of bizarre Misfits lyrics, K/Chris' pet names for each other (douche, bitch, corncake, dickbag, and buck-ledick)—quotes from Weird Science, Fast Times, and finally—mine and Clint's obsession w/talking like Hank from King of the Hill.

CALIFORNIA



8/9 "Why don't you drop a couple quarters in and pull on his arm.": We approached the NV/CA state border around 11am, ate at some all you can eat buffet, and went on the sick-est roller coaster ever while Todd and Clint went straight to the slots and tables. The high/low (depending on whether you were Clint or us) of that jaunt was Clint's near suffocation by ass crack on the monorail, when a seemingly mentally ill, and quite tubby tourist planted his partially exposed crevice inches from the nose of Clint. Kris iced the cake with this gem, "Why don't you drop a couple quarters in and pull on his arm". 4 sleep-deprived hours later, we entered Oxnard—"The land of no toilets."—Ill Repute. The Lazerstar was a really cool space—a lazertag arena with an arcade and Jersey shore-style Skee ball.(!) Locals, Holier Than Thou, opened up. Total '85 era C.O.C./Jerry's Kids. Fully cool stuff. Carry On were next. They thrashed and got kids moving. Nice fuckin' guys, too. We decided to throw in some old shit that I've never practiced, so I had to listen to it in the van. The Lazer had good sound and the show went real well. Cali is circle pit central. Shit's so much cooler than that fuckin' whack-ass windmill nonsense, in my book. Right after we finished, this band Burden from Vancouver, Canada ran up on stage and frantically announced that they were really late and just got added on the show. I let the drummer borrow my equipment, sans snare and cymbals, and he promptly stripped my ride stand. I flipped out and fumed through their whole set, except when they covered "Young til I die," at which point I busted. Kris had a nice time chatting with the very cool, fully-tattooed, ex-con, merch woman from Burden. As soon as the last note hit, I started breaking down the drums while this kid took off somewhere. Soon, the rest of Burden, noticing their drummer's selfishness and neglect, started goin' off on him. (The other guys in the band were super cool and appreciative). We did pretty well on merchandise, compared to the previous shows, but we were still behind. It was at Lazerstar where we found out about the Pickle Patch show's \$3 door. We were all pissed and knew we would get fucked, but Chris was especially peeved, cuz he's the one who invested thousands into the van. We figured (hoped) the California shows would get us up to speed and make up for some of the weaker shows, but \$3 shows with three touring bands from the east coast and playing in a limited capacity house are going to make things worse for everyone.



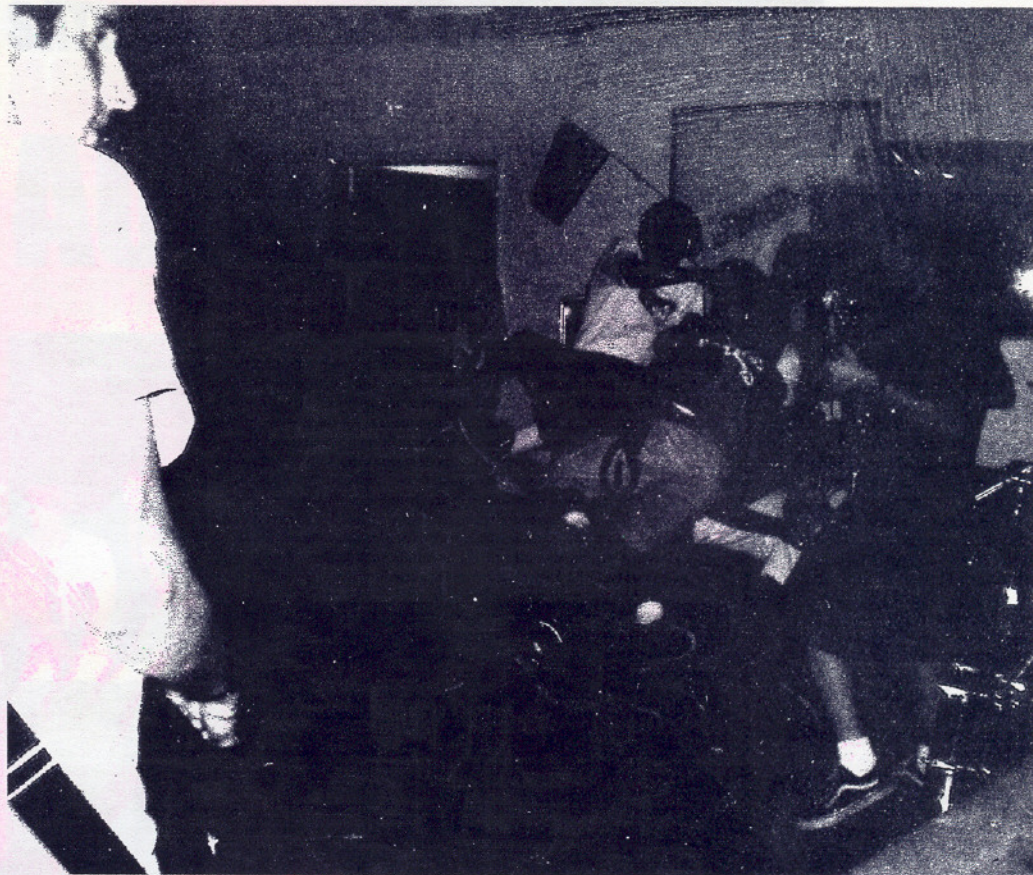
MONDAY AUGUST 9 LAZERSTAR OXNARD

8/10 "Anybody says another fuckin' word to me today and I'm gonna go off!": We split up after the Oxnard show. K/Chris went off to Susan Punk Up's place to go to Disneyland and both Todd's, Clint and I went off to Corey On and Brooklyn's house (the most nauseatingly cutesie couple I've ever met). Corey's van was lowered (as are most in the SoCal basin), and was packed w/amps, drums, and 7 kids. T-r-o-u-b-l-e. We caught air a couple of times. I was fully happy for Corey and her, but the pet names were makin' me gag. Jealous anyone? Brooklyn's place was an amazing ranch in Malibu. Long-ass private driveway, view of Hollywood—all that. They were generous, friendly & gracious hosts. We checked e-mail, did laundry, and cooked. Clint ate leftover Denny's while Todd and I cooked up spaghetti and Falafel meatballs. Probably the best part about the whole deal was that we slept in for the 1st time in a week. After taking our time in the morning (see trampoline pics) we took off for Melrose Ave. in Hollywood. The ride there was holy terror. Corey flew around the Malibu hills/cliffs(!) and scared the shit out of us. Clint was by far the most anguished. This became apparent when, in response to Corey's, "Whatsamatta, man-you bummin'?", he screamed, "I didn't come 3,500 miles to become a vehicular taco!". Carry On and Committed were playing a show at Headline Records. Before the show, we hit the Taang! store, where I picked up the orig. Proletariat "Soma Holiday" LP (sealed) for \$8. We went to a Guitar Center, where I tried to find a butterfly nut to replace the one that the dolt (I think Chris coined this beaut!) from Burden stripped. Clint was indeed "bummin'" at

TUESDAY AUGUST 10 THE PCH CLUB WILMINGTON (LOS ANGELES)



8/11 "Get back!, it's gonna launch!": We spent the day looking for Vans outlets and the Sherman Oaks Galleria, (Ridgmont Mall-Fast Times at Ridgmont High). We hit 2 Vans stores, which were major let downs (\$35 checkered slip-ons in only sizes 6 and 15.) As Chris stated, "It's over for Vans", "The end of an era.", I added. We soon headed for Ebullition HQ and The Pickle Patch. Ebullition was stationed in a light industrial complex a short hike from the PP house. We met Kent and Lisa, who greeted us with smiles and showed us around. Todd Jones picked up the Automaton 7" and I got the Deformed Conscience/ E.O.W. LP and the new H.H.I.G., which had come out 2 days earlier. The PP house was a block from the beach where we met up with Good Clean Fun and some kids from Committed. A few of us, including Patch resident Steve Aoki and a rad dog, jumped in the ocean in our boxers. I lost my necklace in the mix, but chalked it up to a tour adventure while the others wandered around the beach. Clint, by far the most National Geographically-learned member of the crew, pointed out that the type of seaweed strewn about the beach, "...can reach lengths of up to 30 feet in this part of the Pacific." The show got going just after we all made a few dozen phone calls from the local dialer-friendly GTE phone. (Have I mentioned that Goleta is fucking gorgeous?) The Pickle Patch was a good vibe. Pretty much everyone was totally post. These older HC guys from Italy, who were at all the Cali shows were in the house (literally). We played pretty well. Kids busted. Oh shit, I forgot—this Nard-Core kid who broke his hand during our set @ the PCH Club was at the PP, not slowin' at all. Afterwards, us and the Life's Halt guys hit the beach, lit off fireworks we bought in Missouri, and headed back to Noel Holier Than Thou's house. Felix L.H., their bro Nick and I made up hardcore diarrhea songs (i.e. "When you're watchin' Carry On, and all control is gone—diarrhea... diarrhea!" until we fell asleep. •



OXNARD: THE CROWD, CHRIS MID SCREAM (FRED HAMMER), FISH EYE VIEW (ANTHONY TORRES)
WILMINGTON: OUR GRACIOUS HOSTS COREY AND BROOKLYN, TODD JONES AND DEREK WITH EARLY MORNING TRAMPOLINE FUN IN MALIBU (NICE AIR DEREK), THE AMPED PCH CROWD. ISLA VISTA: THE CROWD WITH EVER-PRESENT TODD J. PASO ROBLES: CHRIS GETTING PIGPILED (STEPH), SKATING THE GOLETA DITCH WITH LIFE'S HALT.

THURSDAY AUGUST 12 BOYS & GIRLS CLUB PASO ROBLES



8/12 "I wanna throw my head through a window, dude": Chris and Kris were up bright and early, as usual, as were Noel's mom and precocious little sister, Maura, who invited us to eat/drink anything we saw. Little Maura's first utterance was, "When are you guys gonna leave?" She warmed up to us quickly, and was soon dealing out Simpson's quotes (better than Clint and I) and hands of Blackjack. She also threw a pretty mean spiral. I cleaned my cymbals and we helped L.H. glue /stuff records and iron shirts. By 11, we were off to find/skate this ditch. We found it, fucked it up (to the best of our elderly abilities) and ate oranges off a tree. Goleta's awesome. The Paso Robles show was a couple hours away @ a Boys and Girls Club. It looked like Life's Halt weren't gonna be able to play. Their drummer and guitarist were still in L.A. I wasn't about to have THAT happen. "Ernesto, Chris has a tape of the 7"—let's do this." 10 min-

utes later, Todd and I had learned 2 Haltmania thrashers and busted them in the middle of the 97a set with Ernie and Felix. It was a blast and everyone had fun. Todd and his girlfriend took off after the show to meet us at Gilman the next day. We cooled with Committed and L.H. 'til we jetted to the bay area. Half conscious, I was barely aware that we pulled into some gas/food/ lodging type parking lot to crash for the night. I crammed my smelly body into the space on the floor between the front/ back seats. We kept each other laughing by altering the lyrics to "Return of the Fly," and other nonsense. We hit comedic rock bottom.

Todd: Skating/hanging with LH was total fun. We got to the show early and went straight into hacky sack/ wandering mode. The turnout was weaker than other Cali shows but the kids were totally into us. My girlfriend Steph lives in NorCal and drove down to see the show which was cool since it was her first 97a show ever. •



WEDNESDAY AUGUST 11 THE PICKLE PATCH ISLA VISTA

this point, so we bro'd out for a while. Todd was pretty quiet, but seemed to be holding up okay. We found out at the Headline show, when the K/Chris' paged Corey, that they weren't coming to the show and were going to meet us later at the PCH club. Piling into the Carry On van like lambs to the slaughter, I heard a slam and a chilling, "Ahhhhhh!!!, that was my fuckin' hand!!!" Todd and I darted our heads to the right and identified the victim as Clint, who was furiously punching the back of Brooklyn's seat and howling, "You slammed it on my fuckin' hand!!". Brooklyn instantly started bawling. Through some freak of physics, he managed to get out of the accident with minor bruises, tho' the door was completely latched shut on four of his fingers. Eventually, all calmed down, apologies were exchanged, and flesh returned to pinkish hues. Carry on, Lack of Interest and a goth metal band played before us. "Grandpa" (Bob L.O.I.'s Grandfather was in attendance sporting a Subvert hat and Fuck On The Beach shirt.) The club wreaked of of cat piss, which I learned was actually of bird origin from nests in the wall of the bathroom. I was eating tofu all day so I had to suffer through it in the most concentrated area. (Thank you Alex PCH for 3 varieties of antibacterial soap.) We played our best set so far and got the sickest reaction yet. During "Growing Stronger," at least 15 kids smothered Chris. I couldn't stop smiling. So Cal rules. We got heckled a little, but it turned into a good post-show discussion by the van. We met the guys from Life's Halt, who were such great guys. I don't remember anything until the a.m., cuz on the way to Todd J's house I fell asleep in the van in my sweaty clothes. •

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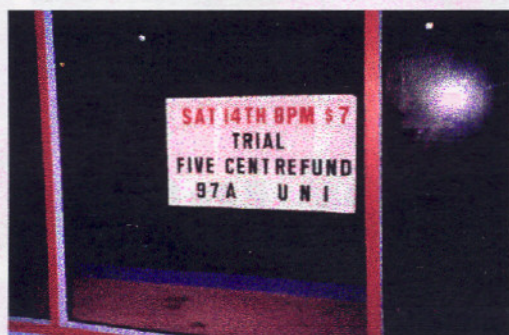
Friday the 13th, "Did you get a picture of it?!!": K/Chris stopped at a skate park on the way to the bay. Clint and I slept. S.F. sucked it. We parked and separated as per usual. The plan was for me and [a still veg-friendly Clint] to find a vegan Chinese joint in Chinatown. As soon as the K/Chris' were out of sight, Clint and I saw "No buses or vans exceeding 8 capacity allowed" all over the streets. Clint flipped the fuck out (see his rant) and suggested I walk to Chinatown while he stayed by the van to avoid towing. We tried to move it, only to discover these signs polluting the whole neighborhood, so I acquiesced. It took an hour and 10 blocks of 75 degree vert for me to hit the edge of the Chinatown, where I got Clint and I some veggie ham fried rice and veg. Mongolian Beef. By the time I got back, the K/Chris' were back and we hit the beach and scoped out European women—one of whom was topless! The level of libido-fueled objectification in the van had become explosive. Last week, I could stay out of range of the testosterone vortex, but at this juncture I was moaning in frustration and contributing to the puddle of drool collecting on the van's floor. At least we were in solidarity on ONE issue. Luckily, we were temporarily distracted by fear of earthquake as we went over the Bay Bridge. I found out I wasn't the only one who wished we could collapse on someone's couch, watch a movie and get a 15 hour nap, but we were looking forward to another unshowered day, a show @ Gilman [sans Capitalist Casualties], and a 14 hour drive straight to Auburn, WA immediately after the show. Clint on SF: Oh boy, oh boy! Cool... we get to drive 4000 miles and be pleasantly surprised by an urban death maze/open sewer that reminds us oh so much of home, but with more restrictive parking rules, fewer accessible bathrooms...and terrific hills. Not even the highest quality Shiatsu joint could relieve my

urban tensions. People who like cities suck. Fuck them...they're all gonna die sooner anyway because of the high level of stress that they deny exists. And another thing, while I fully accept the fact that I may one day be homeless, if one bum barks at me, he'll be completing his conversation w/me with a size 8 1/2 Van jammed down his throat. The next time I have a life/death experience in an urban toilet, I will treat it as such-dropping my shorts, hovering above a sidewalk crack, and emptying my colon, grunting, "Ahhhh, Viva Metropolis." Fuck the Bay. Back to Derik: The legendary 924 Gilman Street was pure shit and misery. As soon as we arrived, the bad vibes swarmed like locusts. I finished a book and wandered around depressed as fuck, while the others sat in the van constructing plans to ditch the show. By 9pm, there were about 13 paid attendees, which with 2 touring bands and Gilman taking 50% would leave us with about \$11. We drove off "for food," and began Hell Drive # 1-Berkeley to Auburn, WA. We slept in shifts, w/Chris waking me up at 5am yelling about how I sleep more than anyone and am still always tired. He was right, but we were all a little insane; arguing for no reason or cracking up at the hokiest shit. During H.D.#1, Chris and Clint started talking like Bill Clinton (rather, Howard Stern imitating Bill Clinton) and haven't stopped [for 36 hours so far.] Chris on SF: Derik deserves a gold medal for seeing the parking signs in SF. I promise to go easy on him the next time he pisses me off, heh heh...It was his 'get out of jail free' card, I told him. Anyway, tour is going great! (N-O-T!) We learn that no one even flyered our supposedly 'going to be awesome, dude' show at Gilman. Someone should die. Bands don't travel 3400 miles to play unflyered shows, assholes! 97a did something we never did—we bailed. It was a good move, as we would have never made it to the next show in time. •



FRIDAY AUGUST 13 GILMAN ST. BERKLEY

SATURDAY AUGUST 14 AUBURN ANNEX AUBURN (SEATTLE) WASHINGTON



8/14: We never got to see Seattle, as the drive took 15 hrs. No one showed up to the show until 2 hrs. after it was scheduled to start. While waiting around in white trash Auburn, we played pool. We were psyched to see Trial. My bass drum pedal broke 3 times. Finally, I borrowed one from the new Trial drummer, and the tension was all freaky. We blew. Mostly me. We ended up getting paid the most we got on tour, and Trial, who were nothing short of phenomenal, gave us some of their cut. Clint almost got into a fight w/the kid working the door who tried to charge him a quarter for accidentally dropping the cue ball on the floor. The guy who ran the place took the power-trippin kid outside, lest Clint and he made a scene. We ended up paying \$.23. Ha... Later, we crashed at this rad skinhead guy [Charlie's] house—and I mean CRASHED. Within 5 minutes we were all out. We woke up to him making us hash browns, Boca Burger patties and sausages. We spent a few hours taking the 1st showers we've had in 3 days, and looking at Bettie Page books. •

8/15 "Oh Jesus Christ—the backseat gourmet strikes again!": Kris, reacting to my asking him to stop the van so I could pour Rice Dream in my coffee. Leaving Auburn, we had to back track to Portland for the next show. First stop-Vancouver Skatepark in Washington (a couple miles from the Oregon border). I don't think the photos I took will do it justice. I can't stress enough how rippin' this park was. My skating peak was in 1988, when I was 14. I never thought I'd get back into it since, but after skating the bowls and launching the walls of the Vancouver park, I committed to getting back on the board. That's how sick this place was. Chris, Todd, and Kris had a blast too. Clint and I bro'd out again; moping about girls and the age issue. Todd and I risked serious [padless] injury dropping in on the pools, but it was so worth it. A very fuckin' highly recommended stop if you're ever in the Northwest, kids. We got to the Chinese Teahouse @ 4:30, and took care of our own respective shit. The K/Chris' wandered off for their daily burrito/taco, Todd played hacky sack, and Clint and I fixed my bass drum pedal with duct tape—which Clint imparted was invented during the Korean War to keep debris and water out of the gun barrels of aircraft. "Prior to that, there had been no vinyl-based tape", he added, while he and his trusty Leatherman helped me with some other minor drum repairs. Chris was still in Bill Clinton mode, addressing every single human being he came into contact with, w/the Presidential persona. Clint and I discussed how therapeutic "the voice" was

for Chris, in terms of serving as a coping mechanism for the stressors resulting from being thousands in debt and dealing with unbelievably naive, irresponsible, and incompetent show promoters. Channeling the Chief of Staff has kept our often temper-prone friend in emotionally stable (even pleasant) waters. We played okay (after Kris and I replaced my Burden-stripped ride cymbal stand) albeit to 10 or so kids. One girl was bobbin around pretty enthusiastically, leading us to believe that she may have been someone named Lily who has been e-mailing us, super stoked on our playing Portland. I e-mailed her back from Corey and Brooklyn's house when first heard from her and illicit a response to the effect of, "I can't believe someone from 97a responded to me PERSONALLY!" I assumed this was extreme sarcasm or a friend playing a joke, but it seemed that she was genuinely THAT enthused. Maybe if more kids were this crazy about us, we wouldn't be in total debt. Crazy. (As it happens, she wasn't at the show due to a sickness, but had e-mailed us a ton of restaurant suggestions. Thanks Lily—whoever you are.) After the show, we were faced w/a few options: Finish off the rest of our fireworks quickly (on the high probability that the van would be searched if we got pulled over), head immediately to Minneapolis and skip the Idaho show (which we heard from Powerhouse is donation only and would probably earn us about \$13), or find a place to stay and rock Boise anyway. We decided on a combination of all three—driving around for an hour finding the perfect locale for our

SUNDAY AUGUST 15 CHINESE TEA HOUSE PORTLAND OREGON



pyrotechnic activities. Rolling slowly and quietly into a closed park on the bank of the Columbia River, we set up some of our remaining "Screaming Eagles" and "Saturn Missiles." Just as the 1st fuse was about to be lit, headlights approached through the gate of the park. Todd reminded us as we came in that parks that close at dusk are patrolled pretty frequently. His warning replayed in our heads, simultaneously, as we threw our stash in the woods—conspiring to tell the cops we were just looking for a piss spot, or some such shoddy, poorly rehearsed, collective explanation. It turned out to be a Jetta (good eye, Chris) so we regrouped. The still, clear night facilitated an amazing setting for our amazing, technicolor law-breaking but, we feared, TOO impressive (read: visible for miles.) Within 10 minutes, dogs started barking, and house lights came on. Left w/a good amount of unused weapons, we booked to the van (which Clint already had running) and sped out like the Millennium Falcon out of that giant worm in the crater (good simile, huh?). At the gates were 2 black and whites; lights flashing in ambush. Thoroughly buggin' out, we yelled proposals, reality checks, and random senseless exclamations at each other: "Ditch the shit—possession is 9/10 of the law!" "They haven't started following us yet. Maybe they're there for another reason." There's no fuckin' way they didn't see the rockets! Those fuckin' things were like 300 feet up!" Half a mile down the highway, with the 5-0 nowhere in sight, Chris grabbed all our bags, and hurled about \$50 worth of minor explosives out the window. "Dude, if they're following us, they're gonna see the bags on the shoulder of the road!" I protested after the fact. Chris went off and I let it go. The fuzz mysteriously never followed through. •

PORTLAND (CONT): 97A WAITING THEIR TURN TO DROP IN THE VANCOUVER SKATEPARK, DUCT TAPE REPAIR SESSION BEFORE THE SHOW **BOISE:** SPARSE GARAGE CROWD, 97A WONDERING WHY ARE WE HERE? (GOOBER) **DRIVING:** A TIRED TODD IN SIOUX FALLS SD, CLINT DOING HIS BEST TOURIST POSE ALONGSIDE OLD FAITHFUL AT YELLOWSTONE **OPPOSITE PAGE:** CHRIS IN ALLENTOWN (IAN DICKSON)



MONDAY AUGUST 16 TIM'S GARAGE BOISE, IDAHO

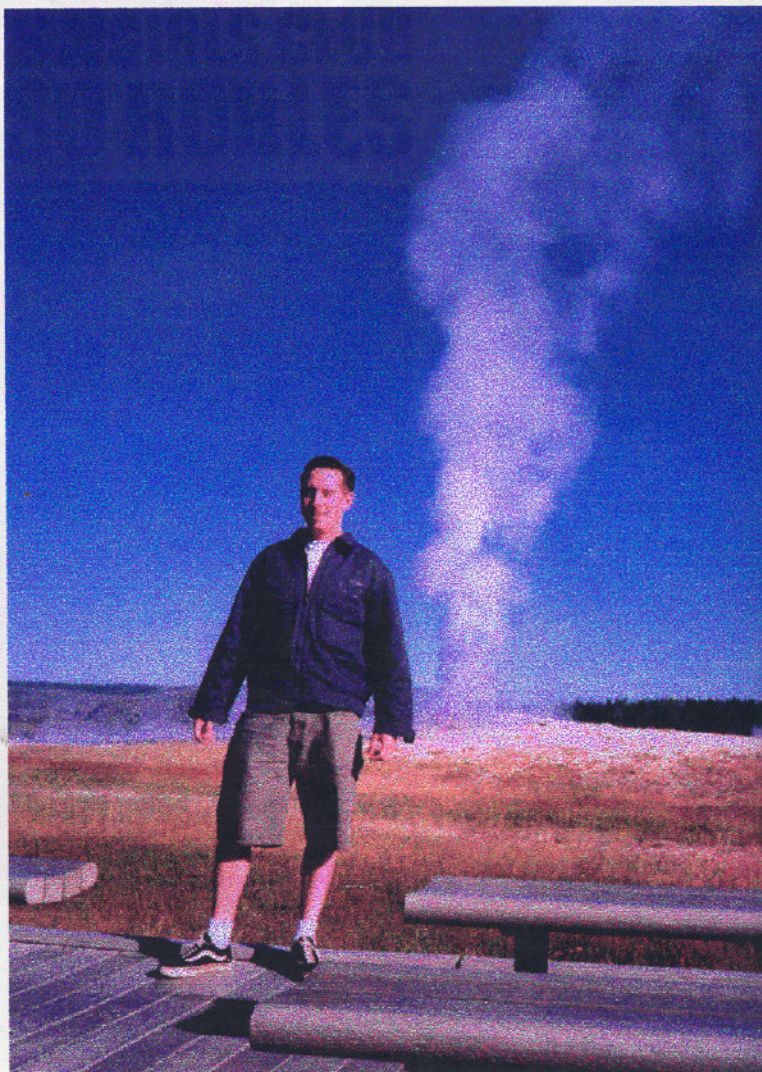
8-16: We ended up sleeping in the van in Pendleton, Oregon. I woke up on the loft with my face inches from the tinted window & the hideous mug of an insane-looking hessian fixing his hair in the reflection—unaware of my presence. Remember that scene from Jaws III, when a head floats by in the aquarium? THAT'S what it was like for your humble narrator in the delirium of the morning. The rest of the guys were in the Burger King, which served as our 3rd D.I.Y. "R.V. park". We hit a Safeway for some groceries, only to run into the same 30-something hillbilly, poodlehead—now talking to himself loudly. I broke his concentration by complimenting him on his vintage Maiden shirt. Todd & I stocked up on fruit as the C/Kris/Clint talked shop w/an older man about his mint '76 Ford Ranchero. We hit Boise at 5:30 and hung at a crowded mediocre skatepark before heading to Tim's house/garage. I made spaghetti while the others roamed around. Boise was more suburban than any state capital we'd ever seen. I think there were 2 or 3 municipal/state buildings. About 20 kids showed up. The only other band was Rank Review, who were pretty fuckin' good. 2 kids in attendance had heard of us which made for an interesting set. We played our tightest show by far. A Tupperware bowl was passed around as kids shuffled through their \$10's and \$20's and dropped pennies and dimes into the bowl. We explained to Tim dozens of times that the van costs us around \$100 a day, not counting gas, but he just giggled and shrugged. We ended up with less than 1/3 of what we needed. We all showered. I shaved Chris' head, and preached to Tim about the power of a fictitious early 80's Finnish band hardcore band called Oilchrist., who were 97a's biggest influence. •



TUESDAY AUGUST 17 NO SHOWS, JUST DRIVING AND SIGHTSEEING

8/17 "Hell Drive #2: The Final Madding": Kris/Chris cuddled on the loft as Todd drove, with me as his stay-the-fuck-awake teammate until 6am when Kris took over the wheel. Delirium was in full effect. I think Todd and I were seeing mirages. I heard him talking to himself a few times—I know I was. We argued about whether or not we drove through Montana (we did) and then somehow, we

made it to Yellowstone National Park at around 9am, just as Old Faithful was faithfully kicking it. Impressed, but disappointed that I didn't see any Bears or Bison, we rode on through Shoshone territory and Big Horn National Forest in north central Wyoming. Chris, Clint and I sat in silence, awed by Wyoming's untouched, densely forested mountains and streams. •







WEDNESDAY AUGUST 18 **EXTREME** **MINNEAPOLIS NOISE**

8/18: The events of the next day were rather inconsequential. Rest stops-one being solar powered-, one night (5 hrs) of "sleep", and one major fight over my slovenly van manners. Extreme Noise defied stereotypes with its clean, orderly shop and well-organized show regulations/promotion. Jason from The Real Enemy did the show and hooked us up well. T.R.E. were great, pushin Judge's "Fed Up" into high gear and kickin out some Seelin Red-style hardcore. Holding On preceded them with some youth crew and a slick banner that resembled a Budweiser sign. Good guys. A doom-core band (who's name I never got) opened up, trying to do the Dystopia thing, in vain. Their drummer-plodding away on early 70's Ludwig Vistalites, as identified by Chris did pretty well with the boring riffs he was dealt. We played like gold if I do say so, and got a great reaction. Best show yet-edging out the PCH. After stocking up at a Rainbow supermarket, we stayed at Andy's (Holding On/T.R.E.) apartment. C/Kris, Clint and Todd made burritos. I spent an hour making chili and rice-just stoked for a real meal. *

8/19 "War and Peace: The Chicago Incident": On the road by 9:30am, we hit the "Mall of America." Yeah, it was big. I finally found checkered, slip-on Vans that almost fit (for \$39.99.) I passed. Clint, Todd and I played hacky sack waiting for K/Chris to get back from their Mall-A-Thon. A few hours from Chicago, on I-90 K/Chris finally found Sinclair (a mid-western gas station chain) hats and shirts, ending a 2 week quest. The kid at the counter didn't know how to handle their Christmas morning reaction. Chris: By this point, we were playing a LOT of Hacky Sack. We'd file out of the van, go wash/piss/whatever at a rest stop, then play with the footbag until one of us realized we had a drive to do. Schedules started seeming less important when you are on one 24 hrs a day. Went to The Mall of America. Big. Rode a pretty lame rollercoaster (yes, it's inside) and found a pair of old (mid 80's) Vans for \$20 bucks. Derik: An hour of bumper to bumper into Chicago we somehow found the Odum, w/o any directions or an address. I saw 5 or 6 kids I haven't seen in years and the turnout was already pretty sizable. Good start, right? (I really need a segueway for this...) Let's just skip to the spitting and fisticuffs, shall we? During our 3rd song, after Todd's guitar string broke, Chris started talking about his disappointment in the American hardcore scene's slow death through apathy and kids taking it all for granted. This drunk guy burst out yelling, "You're wrong! You're wrong!" Chris repeatedly tried to ignore and move on, but he persisted. After numerous attempts to ask him to talk to us after the show and to

THURSDAY AUGUST 19 **THE ODUM** **CHICAGO**

let us finish the set, Chris got fed up. Fuck you's flew, middle fingers were extended, I started yelling at the guy-they spit in each other's faces, Chris threw punches and the games began as they were pulled apart by 20 kids. As Martin (who helped organize the show), pulled the guy (Ty Smith-ex-Resist and Godless, who I've corresponded with for years, but never met) outside, he screamed "Right wing, sXe motherfucker!" Chris screamed back, "Asshole, I just sang a song about 12 years of Right Wing, Republican oppression!... Have you ever even read our lyrics?!" he asked. Ty responded, "No, but I read a review." Well, at least he did research... Chris then elaborated on how we, in our travels, have come to a harsh criticism of the current state of hardcore, and apologized for endangering the space and the kids by fighting. I asked the kids if they wanted to hear the rest of the set, and was met w/fuck yeah's and applause. We set it off, angrier than ever. After the show, a couple hours of dialogue proved productive. At least, more productive than drunken, frat-boy heckling and unfounded, unsubstantiated slander. *



NEVER/GO'NRA
REPUBLICAN SCAM
BRIEF + CONGLOMERATE
BETTER OFF DEAD/SHARP
HAIL TO THE CHIEF
GODDAMN STRANGER
ASPIRINATE
IT'S IN OUR POWER
FOUNDATIONS
GIVE IT BACK/SELF HELP
SOCIETY'S FOUNDATIONS ARE EMPTY
EXCLUDED
AMENDMENT
CROSSING

FRIDAY AUGUST 20 SPEAK IN TONGUES CLEVO



8/20 "I got a half a box of frozen fish sticks and basic cable, baby- let's party!"- TONY ERBA: We pulled up to Speak in Tongues a couple hrs early, fully fed up with the uncertainty of the Stalag 13 show. If the Philly matinee was on, we would have to be rolling by 8am, latest. As Tony hadn't contacted us thru e-mail and didn't have a #, we were left roaming Clevo, cursing under our collective breath. The Jersey kids showed up soon, clearly shot, and in bad shape from in-fighting. It seemed that 5 in a compact car, produced the same tension and emotional instability as the 5 of us packed in the Dodge. I immediately moved in to do an intervention. No Justice, from Maryland, opened up, kickin' much ass in the vein of A.F. Straight Ahead/Mid 80's Boston. Keep an eye out. Committed and Holding On followed, just before the sick, hilarious Gordon Solie Motherfuckers. Erba was in classic, self-deprecating "I'm fuckin pathetic" mode. I hear he got naked for the last few songs. Uh, sorry I missed that (well not really). We had alot of fun and the kids were awesome. Avi grabbed the mic and sang all of "Asphyxiate". Everyone went to Denny's until 4-5am-I was OUT. 3 hrs later, we were on the home stretch to PA. Chris: Finally, the shows start getting fun. I mean this is what a HC show is to me, kids hanging out, saying hello, moving up front for bands. Clevo was definitely fun. Minneapolis was good too, but from Chi-town on, we were greeted by our friends from NJ, who decided to make the trek to Chicago and follow us home show by show. Definitely one of the most memorable things that this band will ever experience, thanks guys!

MINN: ENERGETIC AND SWEATY CROWD IN THE BASEMENT OF EXTREME NOISE RECORDS, STICK TWIRLING DERIK AND THE RAT BONES BANNER, THE CROWD POSE. CHICAGO: CHRIS WITH A DAMN COOL SHIRT (BAN DICKSON), SET LIST WITH SLIGHT RETURN. CLEVO: SUPER COOL AND ENTHUSED CROWD NOW IN FULL EFFECT WITH OUR JERSEY BUDDIES, MID SET (BAN DICKSON). PENN: CROWD POSE, KRIS AND JAMES IN THE FOREGROUND WHILE AVI LOOKS AWAY IN PREPARATION FOR HIS SONG.

SATURDAY AUGUST 21 CLUB CARRIGAN'S ALLENTOWN PENN

8/21 Avi strikes again: It became clear that we weren't making it to the Philly matinee, and, going on the extreme instability of the Stalag space and Tony's irresponsibility, we gave it the big "choke on the hair" and did it direct to Allentown. Club Carrigans was/is a big Lazer Tag place, run by a bunch of buckledick corncakes (another gem coined by our friend Kris). The stage was over four feet high and the lights/spotlights were brutal. The Ultimate Warriors played a sloppy, while fun, set. Full Speed Ahead came on next and were awesome. Avi sang

"Asphyxiate" once again and I dropped/broke five sticks. We played pretty good and got paid okay. Chris gave shout outs to the Jersey boys for contributing so much to our tour. We DID do really well on merch, which brought Chris a little closer to breaking even on this show. We drove to North Jersey, where Todd was able to see his sick Dad (after much strife over whether this was wise, in Chris' judgement). Clint and I crashed at his place, and Chris and Kris crashed in the van, so as not to wake their respective families at around 3am. *



END: SUNDAY AUGUST 22 331 SOMERSET NEW BRUNSWICK JERSEY

August 22nd 2PM \$4
331 Somerset St.
New Brunswick, NJ

97a (last show of their US tour)

Rain on the Parade

Full Speed Ahead

Dead Nation - Time in Malta

Directions: Take Rt. 1, the NJ Turnpike, or the Garden State Parkway to Rt. 18 North. Take Rt. 18 to Rt. 27 South. At the fourth light go right onto Route Ave. At the first light make a left onto Somerset St. The show will be done on the right.

Contact: (732) 745-2775 or rainband@bitchpost.com



Some words from our friend Kris:
Ever wondered what it's like to have a trucker high on speed watch you take a leak at 5 am, I don't anymore. Going across the country is something I always wanted to do, and I think every American citizen should do at least once in their life. There is so much to see, I often wish I was still on the road. It really was the best time of my life. Not knowing who you were going to meet or run into. Not knowing where your next show is. Seeing what crazy things go on in different parts of the country. Yeah, the memories and stories are endless. Before going on this trip, I knew it would be something I would want to do as many times as I possibly can before I die. I'm just glad I got to do it once with my friends and one hell of a band! Well, I guess that's it for my senseless rambling, see you on the road and next time buy something instead of just staring at our merch table!

Food and franchise thanks: Taco John's, Sinclair Gas, Maverick, Del Taco, Sassy's (for playing our song), Denny's, Baja Fresh Mexican, Waffle House of Dayton (free parking-all night!), Disneyland, Nittany Sandwich Shop, The Mall of America, the health food store & burrito place in Goleta, Carl's Jr. & Hardee's (it's all the same shit), Subway, Buffalo Bill's (Desperado rollercoaster), Godfather's Pizza.

People, Bands and Clubs: Todd Jones, Noel & the Sullivan family, Ryan Fredette, the Lazerstar (minus the dickhead-hired security guy), Lance & Faded Grey, PCH Club, Felix and Ernesto Life's Halt, Dirty Dirt and the Dirts, Gavin and Anthony in Utah, The Orleans Casino in Vegas, Susan Wells and Larry Ransom, Vanessa & her friend, Corey & Brooklyn, Carry On, Casey and all of Committed (high five!), Jeremy in SLO, Holier Than Thou, Mike and Colin in Boulder, Good Clean Fun, Matt D., Steph, Kent McClard and Lisa Oglesby, Skinhead Charlie in Tacoma, Timm-Greg and Trial, LilyAPunk, Powerhouse, Girl at 412 N. 27th St in Boise (who gave us \$20 gas money although she wasn't at the show), the shirtless fury of Rank Review (microphone checka-microphone checka), Amy Meley in Chicago, Holding On, Jason Aronen and The Real Enemy, Felix Havoc and Extreme Noise Records (good luck at the new location!), Andy and Holding On, Holly Ann, Gordon Solie Motherfuckers (especially for the place to stay at 3am), Eric Element, Jordan-Martin-Dave-Grace and all involved with the Odum, IanAWild-Dave-Jon and James for coming (from Jersey!) to the Chicago, Clevo, PA, and New Brunswick shows, Heig, Jaime Double Decker, Jason Scheller, and Full Speed Ahead.

Thanks also too: The National Park system (especially the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone), free skateparks and clean rest stops everywhere.
No thanks: Stupid gas station attendant in Oregon, Goober Tim for the, Duuuuh, uh (optional) spare change "tupperware" policy, the door guy at the Auburn Annex, Ty Smith in Chicago for clueless drunken incitement, whoever wrote the rules for van parking in San Fran, Vans sneakers, the cops who set up a roadblock for us in Vancouver WA (that we somehow escaped!) Diamler Chrysler (for not updating the van handling since 1970), and whoever was supposed to make the flyers for our Gilman Street show. *

NEW JERSEY: THIS IS WHAT IT MEANS TO BE BACK IN NJ, FAMILIA FACES AND FRIENDS SHOWING GREAT SUPPORT, HAVING FUN AND HANGING OUT (TOP AND BOTTOM PHOTOS BY HEIG). **OPPOSITE PAGE (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT):** CHRIS ENJOYING DISNEYLAND, 97a AT THE GRAND CANYON, THE CHICAGO CROWD AND EVER PRESENT JAMES, IAN AND DAVE, THE PICKLE PATCH FLYER, CHRIS GOOFING AT ALLENTOWN, DERIK DROPS INTO THE DITCH IN GOLETA, THE PASO ROBLES SCENE (FELIX HALT WITH THE HELMET), HANGING AT THE GRAND CANYON AGAIN, SKATEPARK IN GRAND JUNCTION, CO, DERIK AND CLINT IN MALIBU COREY/BROOKLYN'S HOUSE, THE DITCH SCENE, DEDICATED FAN WITH A BROKEN ARM FROM THE OXNARD SHOW AND BACK FOR MORE AT PASO ROBLES, CLINT FITTING IN WITH TOURISTS, OUTSIDE THE PICKLE PATCH

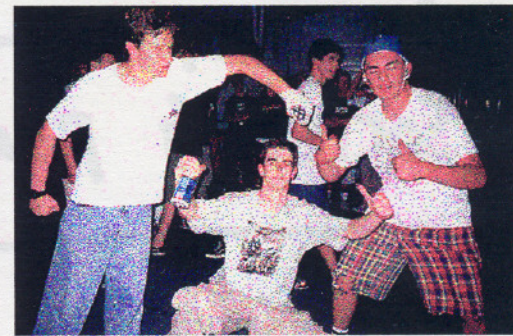
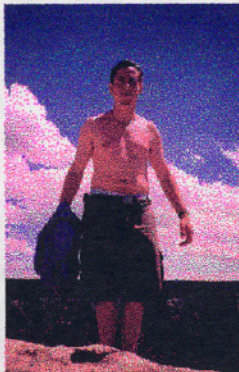
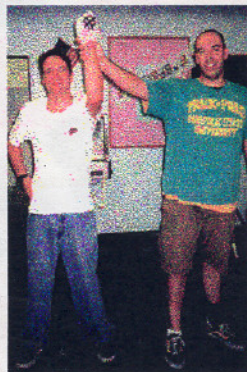


8/22 Hub City: The decompression began for me, as we got closer to New Brunswick. Clint and I, along with his buddy, Heig, hit Szechwan Gourmet in the N.B. and pulled up to 331 Somerset, which was starting to fill up with kids I haven't seen in quite a while—probably because neither Rain On the Parade nor 97a have played the area in a while. R.O.T.P. ruled (with help from the new drummer, who was also with the Warriors the previous night). Full Speed Ahead sounded solid. We sent on facing a packed basement of new and old friends for the final show of our tour. Chris expressed appreciation for the Jersey kids who followed us from Chicago all the way back to NJ, his friends who showed up, and Clint, Todd, Kris and I for going on the road with him. "A few arguments, but I think we turned out ok", he assured. The set went really well, reminding me that (though we were all left disillusioned with hardcore kids and their levels of enthusiasm, responsibility, commitment, and dedication in our touring the country) there remain kids who continue to believe in struggling for and working toward fun and enriching hardcore experiences. Thanks for reading — DERIK Derik Moore 3 Hillcrest Ave. Clifton, NJ 07013 U.S.A. debtobfood@hotmail.com. (732) 343-1073

Chris: This was a last minute basement show thrown together by our friend Jay Schaller. He did a damn good job and I think it turned out to be the best show of the tour. It was packed, and we sold a ton of merch out in the street until some stupid woman called the cops on me. All because the Dodge was parked in front of her house?!? Then, by about 6:00 pm everything was over as unmomentful as it began. My three week high calmly came to a halt. I dropped Kris off, drove home, did three weeks of laundry, and we haven't played since... *



THANKS AND NO THANKS



REPUBLICAN SCAM

SKATE + CONGLOMERATE

BETTER OFF DEAD / STAMP OF ...

● ACTIONS SPEAK VOLUMES

- ASPHYXIAE

+ NEVER / GOJIRA
SMALL CHANGES

● IT'S IN OUR POWER

- DURROMETER
NAIL TO THE CHIEF
GIVE IT BACK / SELF HELP

- AMENDMENT
SOCIETY'S RUNNING ON EMPTY

+ CROSSING

● EXCLUDED